

CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 12.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1861.

NUMBER 45.

Clarksville Chronicle.

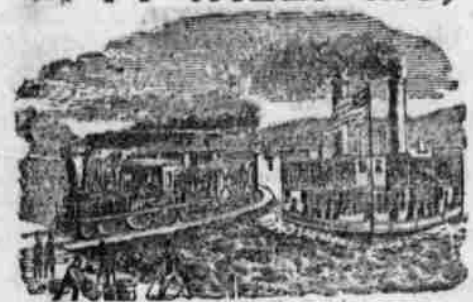
Printed Weekly, on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by
NEBLETT & GRANT,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS: \$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.
One insertion \$1 00 Two months \$4 00
Two insertions 1 50 Three months 5 00
Three insertions 2 00 Six months 9 00
One month 2 50 Twelve months 15 00

Business Cards.

J. P. WILLI MS,



Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
CORNER OF FRONT & MAIN STS.
Clarksville, Tennessee.

Prompt attention paid to the Storage and Sale of Tobacco and all kinds of produce.
Nov. 2, '60-ly.

G. A. Ligon & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Confectionaries, Cigars, &c., &c.,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

ALL orders from a distance (accompanied with the cash) will be met punctually and upon very reasonable terms.
Nov. 27, '60-ly.

DR. J. M. PIRTLE.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE and residence, corner Main and Fourth Streets, opposite Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
February 1, 1861-ly.

B. A. ROGERS,

Attorney at Law,
Office on Franklin Street,
Clarksville, Tennessee.
Will attend promptly to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.
Feb. 17, 1860-ly.

CRUSMAN & MITCHELL,

(Successors to)
CRUSMAN & JOHNSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS,
And Commission Merchants,
Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tennessee.
TERMS—CASH.
Feb. 22, 1860-ly.

O. H. SMITH,

Tobacco Factor, and General
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NO. 138 COMMON STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.

The most particular and careful attention will be given to the sale of all descriptions of Western Produce, to filling orders, and forwarding merchandise.

All property consigned to me will be covered by my open policy of insurance, unless specified otherwise in the bill of lading accompanying it.
Nov. 9, '60-ly.

J. H. JOHNSON,

Attorney at Law,
OFFICE ON STRAWBERRY ALLEY,
Adjoining the Court-house, CLARKSVILLE, TE.
Oct. 5, '60-ly.

T. D. LEONARD,

REAL ESTATE AGENT
And
AUCTIONEER!
Office, head of the Square,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
June 7, 1861-ly.

DR. W. M. FINLEY,

Office over Simpson & Price's,
FRANKLIN STREET,
Residence Corner of Madison and 3d Streets.
March 22, 1861-3mo.

JEWELRY!

WATCHES,
DIAMONDS,
SILVER WARE,
PLATED WARE,
FANCY GOODS,
CLOCKS.

Fine Table Cutlery, &c.

HAVING recently returned from the Eastern cities with a full and well selected stock, purchased on first hands, thereby saving the jobbers' profit, we are enabled to offer our Goods at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

At New-York Prices!

Our PLATED WARE we sell at Manufacturer's List Prices.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Call at the sign of the Big Watch, Public Square.
G. R. COOKE.
Clarksville, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1860-ly.

TO FRMERS.

5,000 BUSHELS IRISH POTATOES
AND
1,000 BUSHELS ONIONS
WANTED.
For which I will pay the highest market price in cash.
Sept. 27, 1861-3 mos.
[You can copy indented any Chronicle of this place, please come forward and PAY UP.]

For the Chronicle.

"TENNESSEE RIFLES."

Addressed to Captain Tom. W. Beaumont and his Company.

BY EDNA CORA.

Brave volunteers you're going forth
To meet the tyrant now;
To drive them from our sunny land,
With bold unflinching brow.

Tennessee's proud sons 'I'll ever be
The bravest 'mid the brave,
Who march upon the battle field
Our glorious South to save.

To save our country from their grasp—
To shield us from distress,
And drive the Northern foe away
That now our shores infest.

Their country's call they have obeyed—
Their oaths are heard on high,
To free her from oppression's heel
Or bravely for her die.

Your cause is just—your hearts are brave,
For all that makes life sweet,
Your mothers, daughters, sisters, wives,
You go to face to meet.

Ye bear your noble Southern flag
Where honor points the way,
To place it where the eagle proud
Henceforth will ever stay.

Encircled by the Southern Stars,
His eyes now must be;
Unchanged he seeks our sunny home—
Our proud bird Liberty.

Ye bear with you the rifle now
And death's unerring ball
Will cut an onward path for you
As foemen round you fall.

'Twill nerve you in the dangerous hour,
When death your thoughts must share,
To know that God will smile on you
And keep you in his care.

Then fling your banner to the breeze,
Its starry folds must wave
In triumph o'er your conquered foe
While their pale brows ye lave.

'Twill float above the battle ground
O'er the wounded and the dead,
And fan our dying soldiers' faces,
Stretched on his honored bed.

An honored grave! he gave his life
To make his country free;
Ah! who would ask a nobler death
Than to die for liberty?

His happy native land, and home,
And all that made life dear;
He'd rather fall protecting them
Than live a king elsewhere.

Oh! would that I could proudly stand
Upon the battle field,
And rend abroad the deadly ball
To make the tyrant yield.

I'd claim no boasted power on earth,
Have the one red field gave;
I'd be a martyr in the cause
To fill a warrior's grave.

Go, climb the highest steep of fame,
And pluck the laurels there,
And wreath them on your noble brows
Henceforth to ever wear.

How proudly will we welcome back
Our warriors brave and true,
Forgetting not the honored dead,
And pray they may be few.

Brave hearts, our prayers will always be
That his protecting arm
May ever be around you there,
To shield you from all harm.

You go where death and danger crowd
Forever round your way,
But with bold and dauntless hearts,
Your noble deeds display.

God be with you now, my brothers,
God protect you and defend;
Keep you from the tyrant's power,
Grant our prayer and victory send.

DECATUR COUNTY, Sept. 1861.

Major Louis Armistead and Lieut. L. Hardeste, late of the U. S. Army in California, have arrived in Houston, en route to Virginia. Major Armistead is a son of that gallant officer whose defense of Fort Mifflin has made him forever famous by the song of the "Star Spangled Banner." The Major has been a long time in the United States Army, in the 6th Infantry, and was esteemed one of its best officers.

COTTON vs. LINT.—Some discussion has been indulged in by the newspapers as to the relative value of cotton and lint for dressing wounds. Dr. P. J. B. Edwards, of Cleveland Tenn., writes that his experience is in favor of cotton. He commenced the use of it more than twenty-five years ago, in the dressing of wounds of every description, and since that time has had no occasion to prepare lint in the old way. The cotton is prepared by carding it into bats of the desired thickness is a pair of hand cards.

"OLD UNCLE NED."—Capt. Travis, who is now Inspector of arms in Gen. West's district, informs us that while he was at Grenada, a venerable old darkey, Uncle Ned, gave to the Confederacy two bullet moulds that ran thirty balls at a time, valued at sixty dollars; a very fine shotgun that carried twenty-five bullets, and two Queen Anne muskets. Ned refused to take any pay, but gave up his arms for the good old Massa Jeff Davis and the South. —Vicksburg Papers.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

HOW A LADY LOST HER RIGHT ARM.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

I was returning quietly to my lodgings, about eleven o'clock in the evening, having just left Col. Latour, whose quarters were very near mine, when all at once, as I was turning the corner of a street, two unknown individuals threw a thick mantle over my head and shoulders, which effectively stifled my cries, although I yelled like a whipped dog, and transported me with rapid dexterity to a carriage which was standing close by. As soon as the vehicle was in motion, the mantle was removed from my head, and a female voice whispered in my ear, in very indistinct French:

"If you cry out, or make the slightest sign, or attempt to escape, the individual before you will thrust a pointed knife into your heart. Keep quiet, therefore, and I will tell you the reason of your abduction."

"Stretch out your hand toward me, and you will feel between your box of instruments what we got from your lodgings on the pretense that you had sent for them; you will require them, as you are about to assist a lady who is about to be confined without her husband's knowledge; for although he is passionately attached to her, and seldom leaves her, she has been able to conceal from him the fact that she is to become a mother, and he imagines that she is simply unwell. The dangers of attending her at this critical moment do not affect you; only obey us, otherwise our friend, who sits opposite to you, and who does not understand a word of French, will stab you on the slightest indiscretion."

"And who are you?" I asked, feeling for her hand.

"I am Madame's maid, and we will cheerfully reward you if you assist us in this trying moment."

"Willingly," I answered, finding that I was embarked in a dangerous adventure.

We continued our conversation until we arrived at the door of a garden, when the woman bound her handkerchief around my eyes, and I heard a key turn gently in a lock. Holding me by the hand, the maid led me to the house, where she paused an instant to say, "Be silent, and look well after your own safety! Don't forget one of my signs, for I shall not be able to speak to you without danger to both of us, and it is at this moment a question of saving your life. The Signora is in a chamber on the ground floor, and to reach it, will be necessary to pass through her husband's bedroom and beside the bed on which he is lying, therefore, step lightly, and do not make the slightest sound."

Here the lover interrupted her directions by a low growl, as if impatient at the delay. The maid was silent; I heard a door open, and the warm air striking my face told me that I had entered a room; and creeping cautiously along without the least noise—for it seems the maid had arranged a carpet to walk upon—I was suddenly stopped, the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I saw that I was in a large room dimly lighted by a smoky lamp. The window was open, but I could not see the bars of iron which the jealous husband had caused to be placed across the opening, and as I looked about me, I felt very much as if I had been shot out of a sack.

My attention was instantly directed to a woman lying on a rug, evidently in great suffering, but who prevented herself from uttering the slightest sound by holding a handkerchief rolled up in a ball between her teeth. Her face was covered with a veil, and I then noticed that both the man and woman who had brought me there were masked. The sufferings of the lady were fearful, and but for my assistance she must have died. Eventually, however, she was delivered of a child, which was dead. On hearing from the woman that this was the case, the man with the mask shuddered from head to foot.

While he was endeavoring to judge of the condition of his mistress—for such I presume he to have been—the maid directed my attention to two glasses of lemonade which stood on the table, and made a sign to me not to touch them from which I inferred that they were poisoned. I was still engaged in my professional labors, when my patient suddenly raised her hand and pointed to the other room; of us four she alone, notwithstanding the pain she was suffering, had heard her husband move in his bed. We were spell-bound for an instant, but so expressive were the glances which the man and woman directed toward each other, that I could read the question, "Shall we kill him?" in their eyes as plainly as if they had uttered the words.

I was so excited that my mouth was parched with thirst, and I stretched out my hand toward the lemonade, forgetting at the moment of the warning I had received—that the man laid his dagger, which he had just drawn, across the glasses, and made a sign to me to drink from his glass. The movement was so evidently dictated by a sentiment of gratitude, that I pardoned him for the atrocious design he had formed of poisoning me, and thus preventing me from revealing their secret.

When all was over, the maid assisted me in laying her mistress in bed. The body of the infant was enveloped in towels, and the unknown, who it seems had prepared for flight by packing up some jewels, thrust the parcel which contained them into my pocket. I whispered to the maid instructions necessary to enable her to pay proper attention to her mistress, and then prepared to decamp. The maid remained beside her mistress, which disgusted me somewhat, but I kept myself on guard against any sudden attack. The unknown hid the bundle under his mantle, and made a sign to me to take hold of it, and in this way I was led through the room through which I had entered, and soon found myself in the open air. When I stepped into the garden, I felt as if a weight had been removed from my breast. I kept a respectful distance from my guide, and closely watched his every movement.

Arrived at the little door by which we had entered the garden, he took me by the hand and pressed my lips with a signifying

which he wore on his little finger. I nodded to him that I understood him. There were two horses standing in the street close by, upon which we mounted, the Spaniard taking my horse's bridle in his hand and urging them along at a gallop. The speed at which we went prevented me taking the least notice of the objects we passed, with a view to recognizing the place at any future time. At the break of day I found myself close to my own door, the Spaniard proceeding at unabated speed in the direction of the gate of Atocha.

"And so you saw nothing which could enable you to identify the woman you had to deal with?" asked one of the officers.

"Only one thing," he replied. I remember that she had a mole on her arm, surrounded with brown hairs."

He had hardly uttered the words, when he became deadly pale; the eyes of all followed the direction of his glance, and then they saw that a Spaniard wrapped in a mantle was standing near. The moment he saw he was observed, he disappeared among the shrubs. A French captain immediately in pursuit.

"My friends," exclaimed the surgeon, "that banal eye seems to have frozen me. I can hear bells ringing in my ears. Receive my adieu—you will bury me here."

"Nonsense," answered Colonel Hulot. "Falcon has gone in pursuit of the spy, and he will give us an account of him."

"Well!" exclaimed the officers, on seeing the Captain return out of breath from the chase.

"I could not catch him. I believe he must belong to the house, and be thoroughly acquainted with all its passages, from the manner in which he disappeared in it."

"I am lost," said the surgeon, in a melancholy voice.

"Come; don't disturb yourself in that way," said the officers. "We will take it in turns to stay with you until you depart. In fact, three officers who had lost all their money at the gaming table accompanied him to his quarters, and offered to remain with him. The second day after the surgeon received the permission he had asked for to return to France, and began his preparations for starting, the following morning with a lady whom Murat had given a strong escort."

He had just finished dining with his friends, when the servant came up to say that a lady wished to speak to him. The three officers accompanied him down stairs, fearing that it might be a snare. The woman was the servant who had assisted at the scene we have described, and she had barely time to caution him against the vengeance of her master before she fell dead; she had been poisoned. The effect of this tragical catastrophe upon the surgeon was of course, very great, and to drown his melancholy, he and his friends drank immoderately, after which they lay down on their beds in the same room. In the middle of the night the surgeon was awake by the sound of the curtains of his bed being drawn back. He sat up in a state of great agitation, from the sudden manner in which he had been roused from his sleep, and saw the same Spaniard standing beside his bed whom he had observed in the garden at the conclusion of his narrative. The surgeon called out:

"Help! come to me, my friends!"

At this cry of distress the Spaniard gave vent to a bitter laugh. "The opinion grows for everybody," he said, and pointed towards the three friends, who were sleeping soundly; at the same moment he drew from under his mantle an arm which had been freshly severed from a body, and thrust it close to the eyes of the horrified surgeon.

"Is it the same?" he asked, pointing to the sign which the surgeon had so imprudently described. By the light of a lantern which the Spaniard had placed on the bed the surgeon recognized the arm, and his silence was sufficient confirmation for the unknown, who, without asking another question, plunged his dagger, as he supposed, in the surgeon's heart, and fled.

Happily, the point glanced along the bone and missed the vital part, and the surgeon eventually recovered.

Some years afterward the surgeon was one night at a ball with some friends who were acquainted with his history, when, while in the act of conversing with them, his jaw suddenly dropped, his eyes became fixed on some object in another part of the room, and he appeared suddenly attacked by a fit of epilepsy. His friends turned to see at whom he was staring, and beheld a tall, grave looking Spaniard, thin as a skeleton, but whose eyes shone like fire. On his arm leaned a lady of great beauty, but who seemed to have no use of her right arm. The Frenchman turned again to ask the surgeon if those were the persons whom he encountered in Spain, but he had disappeared. By a sudden impulse he stepped up to the lady and asked her where she lost her right arm. She replied, with a moment's hesitation, "In the War of Independence."

Skirmish in the West.

A express arrived at Fort Smith on the 22d from Col. Stan Wate, bringing news of a battle between a company of Cherokees of Col. Wate's regiment and a company of Jayhawkers, in which the Cherokees killed twenty-six, and three killed of the Cherokees, one of whom was Captain James Bell, younger brother of the late well known Jack Bell.

The Herald of the 23d learns by a letter from Camp Jackson that the Jayhawkers are becoming troublesome on the Kansas line. A company of them invaded the Osage nation a few days ago and killed Capt. Matthews, a white man, who was married to an Indian woman. He was a friend to the South, and it was thought that was the reason he was murdered. They also killed an Indian. There will be three thousand Indians in Kansas in ten days that will clean out that abolition hole. —[Memphis Appeal, 21.]

A CALL FOR THROATS.—Gen. N. B. Pearce has issued a call to the people of Arkansas for troops, to respond to Gen. McCulloch's late call for fifteen thousand men. The troops are to report at Fort Smith.

Maryland Refugees.

A party of 24 refugees from Maryland, including two distinguished members of the Legislature of that oppressed old commonwealth, reached here yesterday and report a condition of affairs in their native State so shocking to every American idea of independence and of moral propriety that it would be deemed incredible but for the high character of those by whom the accuracy of these reports are vouched for. Indeed it might well be said that the truth of Maryland's unwilling degradation has not been half told. There was on the part of the gentlemen referred to, an evident disinclination to mention the apparently well grounded rumors of respectable matrons violated, of husbands and fathers rudely dragged from their families, of homes desolated and of property wantonly destroyed, and yet their recital of well authenticated facts is so far beyond what has heretofore been conceived to be of possible occurrence in a free country, that only the utter want of every means of effective resistance can the passive submission of the people of Maryland be reconciled with their known gallantry and spirit. One cause of the present sudden quietude of the State is revealed in an eloquent remark of one of the refugees—a gentleman of eminent character and widespread influence:

"The eyes of our people," he remarked, "are fixed, with their hopes, upon the Virginia shore of the potomac, and all ears are strained to catch, from that direction, the first sounds of the yearningly expected success."

And thus it truly is. Maryland has surrendered her ancient self-reliant spirit, to her confiding hope of aid from a Southern Confederacy, and by so doing has rendered the tender of that aid, promptly and powerfully, a duty as sacred to our honor as it should be grateful to our affection.—Rich. Eng.

The Cotton Crop—Proclamation of Gov. Moore, of Louisiana.

Concurring entirely in the views expressed by the cotton factors of New Orleans, I have determined to take the most decided means to prevent the landing of any cotton in this city. Notice is, therefore, hereby given to all masters and owners of steamboats and other water craft, that from and after the 10th day of October, instant, no cotton must be brought to New Orleans or within the lines embracing that section of the country between the fortifications above Carrollton and those below the city, and extending back to the lake. All steamboats or other water craft arriving within the prescribed limits will be forthwith placed in charge of an armed force and escorted above the point indicated. This course will be adopted in all cases, whether the quantity of cotton brought be large or small.

The railroad companies have already issued orders in furtherance of the object of this proclamation, and no violation of them will be permitted.

THOMAS O. MOORE, Governor.

I shall co-operate with Governor Moore in the enforcement of the above order.

D. E. TWIGGS,
Major General Commanding.

From the London Official Gazette, Sept. 11.

Extract of a dispatch from Lord Lyons to Earl Russell:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—"I have the honor to transmit to your Lordship herewith a copy of a notice from the State Department, which has appeared in the newspapers this morning. It declares that no person will be allowed to go abroad from a port in the United States without a passport from the State Department, or a passport countersigned by the Secretary of State and that no person will be allowed to land in the U. S. without a passport from a Minister or Consul of the U. S. or, (if a foreigner from his own Government, countersigned to the U. S. Minister or Consul. This notice has been issued without any previous communication on the part of the Secretary of State either with me, or so far as I know, with any of my colleagues, nor has it yet been officially announced to me."

We are informed that on the 14th of September, Mr. G. M. Emack, of Prince George county, Maryland, was arrested by a party of Sickle's Brigade, and carried before General Walker, commanding the Brigade, during the sickness of Sickle's. Seizing an opportunity, he suddenly drew his knife and stabbed Walker twice, mortally wounding him. He was then fired upon by the soldier who was guarding him, who fortunately missed him. He then struck at the soldier, cutting off three of his fingers. Mr. Emack rushed by the rest of the guard, and continuing his flight succeeded, after a toilsome journey, in reaching the Potomac, and crossing in to Virginia, and is now at Ashland near this city. It is said that Gen. Walker died of his wounds.—Rich. Examiner.

THE REQUISITION ACT.—We learn that within the past two days, since which the Receivers have got fairly to work, 472,000 one hundred shares, amounting at least to \$200,000 of alien enemies' property, have been brought before them.

In one case, the property of a non-resident now at the North, will be to the amount of \$75,000 in real estate and negroes.

In another the sum of \$20,000, invested in a plantation and negroes, will be added to the Receivers' funds.—[Charleston Courier, 1st.]

ONE FEDERAL STEAMER LOST.—The steamer that was so severely injured on Wednesday last by Capt. Walker's Battery, at Freestone Point, was the Resolute—that well known thief of the Potomac. We are happy to be informed by a reliable gentleman, that she was afterwards sunk from her injuries, while descending the Potomac. Herschoke stacks are to be seen sticking out of the water near Mathias Point.

Abe's Cogitations.

We ought to whip them rebel chaps;
I think so, more and more;
We've got an armed fleet on the sea,
And a fleet army on the shore.

Yet Madame L., with jocular smile,
Deems it but glorious fun
To call my Bethel fight a Bull,
And try to put a bully run.

"Bob" threw my message out the cars,
The reason now I'll tell:
That inaugural he thought a bore,
And did it at a vulgar well.

There is no commerce on the seas—
All traffic now is dead;
Some say this comes from my blockade,
And some from my blockade.

Fain would I now in secret weep—
'Twould free my soul from care;
But Rebel Jeff has sternly said:
"Don't drop a private tear."

A Woman's Devotion.

Under this head, a correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser and Register, writing from Warrington, Florida, says:

A woman in camp is a rare avis, a sight good for sore eyes. They are like angel visits, "few and far between." However, I have several times seen one lately, and she comes upon a most painful and sorrowful mission, to see a brother who is under sentence of death for striking an officer. He is a fine looking young man. I have never witnessed a scene so harrowing to my feelings, so painfully impressive as the prison scene, in which she first met him. I never heard pathos and eloquence equal to hers. The spectators went to tears. I was sent for by her and went to the prison. I would not, for a long time, announce my arrival, but stood at a distance, held in awe by the singular scene. In the dim light of the prison, she was kneeling by her brother, and uttering such as I never heard before. A friend and relative accompanied her, and to him I at last announced myself. But it was long before he could talk coherently. "My God! and this is war!" was his reiterated exclamation.

His sister had hurried to see him at the first notice of his situation. She had labored for his salvation, moral and spiritual, with the spirit of an angel. She obtained a copy of the proceedings of the Court Martial, and went as fast as steam could take her to Richmond to get a pardon for him. The President was sick, but she saw the Secretary of War, and he advised her to come back and get a petition for his pardon. Back she came, and with great difficulty got one numerously signed by officers. One officer of high rank refused to sign it. She seemed much dejected at this, and asked me what she should do. I replied, "Go to him yourself, Madam, and he will sign it. I know you are irresistible, and no man with a heart in his body can say 'no' to you." I had signed it myself against my views of military discipline, but I would have torn the "articles of war" into atoms rather than grieve that noble woman by refusing her request. She took my advice, went in person to the recalcitrant officer, and he signed it. She started that same night to Richmond again, to plead for her brother's life. He was to have been shot to-day at noon. This morning an order came postponing the execution of sentences. I look for her soon again from Richmond. Heaven speed her efforts. She is a young married woman, and lucky is the man who has such a wife. She is, indeed, a jewel, and if her mother has any more like her at home, I shall go to see them when this war is over.

A Stringent Enactment.

The Abolitionists in the Kentucky Legislature are attempting to rule with a high hand, and they seem to be capable of creating unjust and oppressive enactments with as much ease as Lincoln and his advisers set aside the Constitution and laws of the country in their outrageous proceedings before the meeting of the Federal Congress.

Among other laws passed is one to which the Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Journal alludes in a most commendatory manner, but which would disgrace the statute books of any people who have writhed laws. It is stated that it amends the laws relating to descents and bequests, so as to provide that whoever has or shall hereafter voluntarily form any military force for the invasion of the State, or shall give aid and comfort to any military force invading the State, shall be incapable of taking any estate in Kentucky, by devise, bequest, descent or distribution. Those now holding commissions in the Confederate army who shall resign within sixty days and return to their allegiance, and soldiers in the same employ who shall escape as soon as they can and return to their allegiance, are not made incapable. Any one now with the forces invading the State who shall after thirty days accept a commission or be promoted, shall not have the right to resign to be made capable within the provisions of this act.

This infamous law originated with the Judiciary Committee of the Kentucky Senate, and passed into a law so far as the Legislature is concerned. It was thought it would be vetoed by Governor Magoffin. —[Memphis Appeal.]

"SCUM UPPERMOST."—The "gallant Mulligan," as the New York Herald styles the commander of the late Yankee army at Lexington, is no less a personage than the notorious rowdy, "Bill Mulligan," who figured so largely in the police court last year. He was sent, we believe, to Sing Sing Penitentiary for his disturbances of the peace of the city, and from that classic abode he was transferred to the command of a Lincoln cavalry in Missouri.

The Herald called him plain "Bill Mulligan" twelve months ago—now he is the "gallant Mulligan" of that prostituted journal. It would be paying him a poor compliment to say that he is the peer of Bennett. We dare say that he is the best of the two and bad enough at that. —[Petersburg Express.]

From Louisville.

A party of Southern people came thro' from Louisville, which place they left on Friday night.

We learn that Judge Catron had issued a writ of habeas corpus to procure the release of Ex-Governor Morehead, Col. Durrett and Mr. Barr, but the military authorities, to prevent its execution, had removed the prisoners from the Jeffersonville penitentiary to the prison at Indianapolis.

The city of Louisville was quiet. Strong appeals were made by the Lincoln press and Lincoln officials for volunteers, but without success. Sympathy for the Southern cause was on the increase at all points this side of Louisville through which our informants passed. —[Nashville Banner.]

The following items are copied from the New York Herald of the 25th ult.

THE NEXT GREAT BATTLE—PREPARING FOR DEFEAT.

A terrible battle is at hand between the 400,000 troops on the banks of the Potomac—200,000 on either side—a battle which will be greater than that of Waterloo, and will probably be decisive against the party which loses it. The mighty results depending on it will involve the destiny of the people. If there should be a partial defeat of the Federal army, let the abolition leaders who instigated the rebellion and the war—Phillips, Garrison, Greeley, Beecher, Cheever, Joy, Tappan, and their associates—look out for another country, as this will be too hot for them. If there should be a total defeat of the Federal army, together with the capture of Washington, let the anti-slavery demagogues who, for the last forty years, have been stirring up the umbers of strife which resulted in the Southern revolt, look out as fast as they can for some asylum beyond the limits of the American continent, for this is the only way in which they can consult the safety of their imperilled necks.

GOVERNOR WISE AND HIS SON INDICTED BY WHEELING.

Ex-Governor Wise and his son, O. Jennings Wise, have